

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1806.

No. 15.

THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY.

COMMONLY CALLED

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

(Continued from our last.)

"ON his being veiled from the sight of the spectators, I asked him how he had been entertained. "Never better Sir," said he: this is the first time I ever saw the part of Douglas played; that is, according to my ideas of the character as at that time I conceived it, and as I wrote it. He is a wonderful being; his endowments are great beyond conception; and I pronounce him at present, or at least that he soon will be, one of the first actors upon the British stage."

On the extraordinary natural powers and talents of this young actor Mr. Johnson expresses himself as follows:—

"I speak not from a transient view, or from the examination of a single character: I have traced him through all the parts he has hitherto performed on this (the Glasgow) theatre, and watched his dramatic progress with a critic's eye, in order to notice expected defects, and, if needful, to point out emendations. But his correctness and graceful mode of de-

portment throughout the whole of his performance, and the astonishing exertions which his powers enabled him to exhibit, rendered useless my intention and taught me to know that nature's above art in that respect; for the gifts she has endued him with, I found, stood in no great need of a preceptor. Nor, in the whole series of my acquaintance with the stage, have I ever beheld the same range of characters filled by the principal theatrical adults with a smaller number of admissible faults.

While he remained at Glasgow so great was the general enthusiasm which he had inspired in his favour, that some person having ventured to criticise his performance rather freely, and point out supposed faults, the indignation was so strongly excited against the author of the censorious remarks, that, when he was discovered, he was obliged to leave the town.

Immediately after his performance of the character of Douglas at Edinburgh, when Mr. Home, the author of the tragedy, was present, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* gave the following account of his first appearance, deportment and manner.

"His appearance, on his first entrance, chiefly engaged the attention by its extreme juvenility. He is gracefully formed; but he is not, as we understand, more than twelve years old, and he looks still younger. His face, too, though very pleasing, has all the smoothness of boy-

hood; and from the necessary faintness of those lines by which the passions too legibly indicate their existence in maturer age, it was not easy to anticipate a powerful delineation of emotions which could hardly be supposed to exist in the breast of the performer. But no sooner had he entered upon his part than his superiority was fully exhibited: he speedily took full possession of the audience; and after the scene with lady Randolph, in which she reveals to him the secret of his birth, the spectator was involuntarily, and almost unconsciously, led to try him, not by a standard accommodated to his inexperience and his youth, but by one arising from the clear perception of the poet's beauties, and the recollection of what had been previously done for the character by the very first performers of the part.

"To this admirable scene we certainly never did see greater justice done; seldom, very seldom, so much. In the previous progress of the part, the youthful candidate had exhibited the ardent and aspiring shepherd, panting for honour and distinction, yet repressed by modest timidity and ingenuous diffidence. In this scene his performance breathed all the wildness of joy, the enthusiasm of filial love tempered by reverential awe, the triumphant consciousness of noble descent, and the nobler dignity of inborn worth. Never did we see those feelings more chastely conceived, more beautifully blended, or more powerfully expressed. His address to his mother was more peculiarly

admirable. The taunting scene with Glenalvon was also excellent; and, in general, those passages were most prominently so in which ardent feeling was to be expressed.

(To be continued.)

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

In continuation.

"MISS JOSEPHINE,

"The veil which concealed my happiness from me, is removed: and the love that intoxicated me in favour of an indifferent woman, who has been the first to abandon me, has vanished like those light vapours that an enlivening sun disperses by the brightness of its rays.

"Simple, and without art, I ought to open my soul to you: if it is a rashness, I have too good an opinion of the sensibility that characterizes you, not to hope that you will pardon me. I thought I read in your eyes, that Paulin, rejected by Henrietta, was not indifferent to you: the interest you shewed for me yesterday, what charms had it not with me! The expressions of your sensibility were a restoring and healing balm to my severe wounds. I abjure a foolish love; and, if I am happy enough to have touched the heart of Josephine, I dare assure her, my happiness is complete, and that every day of my life shall be consecrated to contribute to her's.

"You join a noble frankness to your natural sensibility. I may then hope that you will see in my proceeding, the sincere raptures of a man who desires to see you partake the sentiment which he feels, and who waits an avowal which will double the happiness of his existence.

"Consult your worthy relations; they know me; and if the sentiments I manifest to you, are agreeable to them, they will complete my wishes, in receiving me as the future husband of Josephine.

PAULIN."

At break of day, I sent my letter to Mr. Bertrand's, with order to the bearer, to

bring me an answer: he was absent more than an hour; and this hour was to me an age. I felt myself totally cured of my love for Henrietta, and violently smitten with Josephine. This sudden change astonished me; but the more I examined my heart, the more I was convinced of its being real.

When the messenger entered, my heart beat with violence; my hand trembled in receiving the letter he gave me; I opened it, and read as follows:

"M. and Mad. Bertrand, and their niece Josephine, expect M. Paulin to dinner, to rejoice with him on his happy rupture with Henrietta: they wish it may be lasting; and M. Paulin need not doubt of their zeal to contribute, as far as they can, to make him forget the disappointment he has met with. He ought to know how dear he is to them, and what pleasure they shall always feel to give him proofs of it."

This singular letter gave me inexpressible joy: I clearly saw that I was loved by Josephine, and that her relations would see our union with pleasure.

As I was preparing to pay Henrietta's uncle my appointed visit, she appeared in the counting-house: the sight of her, at any time, made me uneasy; my heart beat, and I was near being ill: at this time, however, I did not feel the slightest emotion; I was perfectly at my ease; I wished her a good day, and enquired after her health with so easy an air as to surprise her. "Have you nothing to say, Miss Henrietta, to your uncle?" "If you choose to present my respects to him, Sir, you may." "You cannot doubt, Miss Henrietta, of my desire to do what is agreeable to you." "That is very good of you, M. Paulin; but it would have been better had you acted thus before you carried your money to the English Captain." "Of what use to speak of that affair?" "To make you feel, Sir, that our rupture is unalterable." "Henrietta, I am far from reproaching you with it; I will even acknowledge, if it made me uneasy before, it now completes my wishes." "You are impertinent, Sir." "I do not doubt but I am, Miss Henrietta." "Do not trouble me with your jealousy." "Jealousy is the companion of real love." "Ah! how happy should I be if you owed me no more!" "If so, you are happy; for I protest to you, with sincer-

ity, that I have no other sentiment for you, but that which is due to your sex in general." "You give me great pleasure." "Will you give me leave to announce to your uncle, the day when you crown Robert's wishes?" "I have no account to give you, Sir; and I pray you to cease this scoffing." "My intention was by no means to excite your ill humour: I shall retire; adieu, Miss." "Adieu, Sir." My mind had not felt for a long time to light a sensation: it seemed as if it were relieved from a heavy weight: all my ideas grew gayer upon the future happiness that Josephine's tenderness promised me.

M. Bavron appeared surprised at seeing such an air of gaiety in my countenance: he embraced me cordially, and ordered breakfast to be served. He acknowledged to me, in conversation, that from Mad. Molard's favourable representation of me, he did not hesitate to give his consent; adding, that the motive of his arrival, was to join to the marriage contract the sum of a thousand crowns; that he was exasperated against his niece; she might marry, but he would take care and keep his money. I prayed him, with earnestness, not to entertain such harsh sentiments of her, and had the happiness to succeed in rendering him more calm, and not so violent against her. "I will not," said he, "refuse your request; she shall have the thousand crowns; but she shall understand that I do not give them her, but by your desire, and at your instance." I thought it right not to make a mystery to M. Bavron of my new armour. He congratulated me on it frankly, wishing me all sorts of prosperity. He would accompany me home, to wish his niece farewell; which I could not refuse him. Henrietta, seeing us enter together, grew pale and red by turns. Robert was seated by her; he rose. M. Bavron, approaching Henrietta, said to her, "My niece, I come to bid you adieu, and to give my consent to your new marriage. I will not dissemble with you; I should have had M. Paulin for my nephew; but, all things considered, I feel he will be much happier with her he has chosen, than he would have been with you. My first intention, in arriving here, was to give you a thousand crowns; the second was, to take it away from you on finding your change of mind; but M. Paulin, whom I love too well to disoblige having begged me not to withdraw that sum, I will, on his account, deposit it with a notary. Adieu, may you be happy."

Henrietta was very much embarrassed, muttered some words of thanks, and endeavoured to find out, by my looks, if I had absolutely given my heart to another. This made me smile, which completed her embarrassment, which I inwardly enjoyed; and though my heart was always far removed from the idea of revenge, I felt a secret pleasure, that her uncle had told her I had fixed my thoughts on another, and that I was sufficiently disengaged from her, to indulge no resentment, but to have persuaded him not to deprive her of the sum he appointed for us.

M. Bavron, when he left us, requested leave to write to me, and to keep up a correspondence with him, which I promised.

I repaired to M. Bertrand's at the hour of dinner; and some idea may be formed of the different sensations I felt in going there. Mad. Bertrand was alone in a lower parlour; she smiled when she saw me; and laying hold of my head affectionately with both her hands, she embraced me saying, "Ah, ha! M. Paulin, you write love letters do you? Is it true, my child, that thou no longer likest thy Henrietta?"—"It is very true, Madame, very true; I swear to you it is."—"So be it; for it is a good clearance. Hear what I am going to say, M. Paulin: you know that my husband and I love you as our own child: we have proved we do; and poor Josephine loves you also. She is a frank young girl, who knows no deceit: it is now a month since she confessed to us her partiality for you: if you knew but what concern we felt, how we grudged at your love for Henrietta. Ah! she does not know herself; but when Josephine read your letter this morning, she wept, was unwell, and threw herself into our arms, exclaiming, uncle! aunt! how happy I am! M. Paulin loves me; he writes me word he does; I ought to believe him; you do also, dont you? for you have always told me he is incapable of falsehood. You weep M. Paulin."—"It is for joy, Madame Bertrand, to find myself loved by your niece."—"Upon my word, you do well; it is better to weep with her for joy, than to have wept so often with vexation for a girl who does not deserve your friendship."—"Let us speak no more of Henrietta; let us speak of Josephine; she alone interests me; but where is she?"—"She is with her uncle, preparing dinner."—"I am anxious to see her, as well

as your worthy husband."—"You will see them by and bye: you do not know what my husband and I will do for you?"—"No."—"I will tell you, for it is impossible to keep a secret from you. You have lost your six thousand franks; on these you must no longer rely, M. Paulin: the English Captain is surely dead:

for I think, like you, he was too honest not to repay you your money; it is a misfortune you must bear as well as you can; and to repair it, my husband and I will give six thousand franks in marriage with Josephine; and after our death, you will have our small fortune."

(To be continued.)

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.
SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

John 1. 17. 8. 32. 14. 6.
Prov. 21. 17. James 5. 5.
Luke 12. 20. & 21.
Eccl. 2. 1—12.
1 Cor. 1. 21—60. Col. 2. 3.
James 4. 8.
Mat. 7. 7.
Gal. 5. 6. John 14. 13 & 14.
Prov. 8. 9.
2 Cor. 4. 3.
1 Cor. 3. 14.
Rom. 12. 2. Eph. 4. 23. Col. 3. 10.
1 Cor. 3. 18.
James 1. 5. & 6.
Mat. 7. 7. & 8.
Mat. 11. 28. & 30.
Rom. 5. 1—8. 6—15. 13. Psal. 119. 165.
Phil. 4. 7. Is. 26. 3. & 4.
1 Cor. 10. 13.
Prov. 2. 23. Is. 3. 26 & 27.
Prov. 48. 17. Col. 1. 27.
John 8. 32. & 36. Gal. 5. 1.
Is. 25. 7. 2 Cor. 3. 13. & 18.
Rom. 2. 21.
Mat. 5. 6.
Luke 6. 21.
John 4. 10. & 14. 6. 35. 7. 37 & 38.
Is. 58. 4.
John 1. 12.
1 John 2. 1. & 2.
Titus 2. 13. & 14.
Heb. 12. 2. 1 Peter 1. 19.
John 6. 29.
John 3. 14—18.
John 6. 35—53.
Is. 33. 16. John 6. 33.
Eph. 5. 26.
" " "
John 1. 1. &c.
Col. 2. 9. Rev. 19. 13.
Luke 13. 24. James 4. 3. Heb. 11. 6.
Rom. 5. 1. Eph. 2. 13. & 18.
2 Pet. 1. 10.
Rev. 6. 16. & 17. Heb. 14. 12. & 25.
Is. 45. 21. John 14. 27.
Rom. 10. 17. Luke 2. 3—33. Acts 4. 12.
Eph. 3. 17—21.
Psal. 50. 23. 2 Cor. 9. 15. Heb. 13. 13.

You busy minds that seek for truth,
Must own that pleasure, self or pain,
Are sure rewards in early youth,
And all that man in life can gain;
Unless to wisdom he should cry,
And by the spirit strive to move—
And call the blest Redeemer nigh
To grant that faith that works by love.

The Bible's precepts all are plain,
And right to them that knowledge find
No natural tongue can them explain
Unless that God renews the mind.
Become a fool if you'd be wise,
And wisdom seek from God above:
Then ask of him he'll not despise,
But freely grant his pard'ning love.

O! then sweet peace, to conscience dear,
Will make her kind abode with thee—
'And through this rugged' path will steer
Thy footstep's guard from danger free.
No doubts shall in thy bosom rise,
For God in Christ has made us free—
And strip'd the vale quite from thine eyes;
To walk in Gospel liberty.

If any thirst for Righteousness,
Or hunger for the bread of life,
Christ fills their souls with happiness,
No more to drink ungodly strife.
They that believe in his great name,
Are justly still'd the sons of God,—
By faith and hope they trust in him
That made atonement with his blood.

Christ says, "This is the work of God,
Believe on him whom he hath sent"—
To eat his flesh and drink his blood,
By faith you'll see what bread he meant.
The waters are the word of God,
And sanctify and cleanse the soul:
The Scriptures prove Christ is the word,
And justly comprehends the whole.

Then let us strive and thus secure,
By faith, to make our peace with God:
Our calling and election sure,
And thus escape his wrathful rod.
The Lord is just, in Christ there's peace;
That brought salvation's brightest rays—
O! may our faith and love increase,
And God receive due thanks and praise.

REVENGE.

(From Mrs. Murray's Guide to the Beauties of the Western Islands of Scotland and the Hebrides.)

IN ages past, the M'Leans of Loch-Buy were absolute monarchs of the south side of Mull; and in those days hunting deer was their amusement and support.

Loch-Buy commanded a great chase, and gave strict charge to an attendant named Gore (Godfrey) not to suffer a stag to escape through a certain pass; and at the same time declared, if such a thing did happen, Gore should forfeit his life.

Gore took his station; but, notwithstanding all his caution, some deer forced the pass, and made their escape.

Gore did not lose his life; but he was ignominiously chastised, in the presence of the chieftain and his assembled clan, on the summit of the peak.

The proud Highland blood of Gore boiled at the indignity he had sustained in the face of his chief and clan. Death, in his opinion, would have been honourable, but the sting of disgrace was more than he could bear.

Young and old were assembled to see the chase and poor Gore's shameful chastisement. Amongst the rest was a nurse with the infant son of the chief in her arms. Gore watched his opportunity, snatched Loch-Buy's child from the arms of his nurse, and, with him in his hand, leaped amongst the rocks of the peak, to a shelf far below the astonished spectators. Gore came safely upon his feet, with the babe in his hand, and there held his victim in triumph. Rewards and honours were offered; tears and entreaties were poured forth by the distracted parents to Gore, to save and restore their only son. At length he seemed to relent, and declared, if Loch-Buy was brought within his sight, and chastised in the same ignominious manner that he had been, he should be satisfied.

The parent, for the sake of his child, readily submitted to be treated precisely as Gore had been, and then required the restoration of his son. Gore, with a smile of triumph and contempt, raised the child in his hand at arm's length, and with a

about threw himself over the peak. Both Gore and the child were dashed to pieces long before they reached the sea.

MR. GIBBON.

Extract of a letter from Madame de Genlis to her friend.

'They write to me from Lausanne that Mr. Gibbon, who has been settled there for some time, has had great success, and is extremely well received. They tell me that he is very easy and affable, and of so prodigious a size that he can hardly walk. Notwithstanding, however, his figure, and the strange visage he is known to have, Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and is become enamoured of a very amiable lady, madame de Crousaz. One day, being *tete-a-tete* with her for the first time, he wished to avail himself of so favourable an opportunity, and suddenly threw himself on his knees before her, declaring his love in the most passionate terms. Madame de Crousaz replied to him in such a manner as must deprive him of any desire to renew this extraordinary scene. Mr. Gibbon appeared confused and embarrassed, but still continued on his knees, notwithstanding repeated invitations to resume his seat: he remained at once immoveable and silent.—But, Sir,' repeated madame de Crousaz, 'why do you not rise?'

'Alas! madame,' replied this unfortunate lover, 'I am not able.'

In fact, the size and unwieldiness of his person would not permit him to rise without assistance. Madame de Crousaz then rang the bell, and said to the servant who came—'Help Mr. Gibbon up.'

This declaration of love reminds me of that of Mr. Chauvelin, who was very little and very crooked, having a protuberance both behind and before, but at the same time very lively, witty, full of self-confidence, and particularly attentive to the ladies. One evening he was alone with madame de Mantouillet, who was then unwell, and reclining on a sofa. M. Chauvelin, passing on a sudden from gallantry to love, became so impertinent, that madame de Mantouillet rang the bell with all her strength; when a tall, robust *vales-de-chambre* entered.

'Take that gentleman,' said she to him, 'and put him over the chimney.' The servant being very strong, seized the little man, and in despite of all his struggling placed him on the chimney-piece. The poor little cripple shuddered to see himself at such an elevation, which to him was prodigious, and from which he could not attempt to leap down on the floor without the risk of his life, or at least of losing a limb. The loud laughter of madame de Mantouillet greatly increased his rage, which was extreme when, during his continuance in this mortifying situation, the arrival of some visitors was announced.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY INFANT.

THE tone of my thoughts dwell in sadness. My mind, in unison with the heart, paints truly, its feelings, the horror and despair of that day.—The night had passed in terror—the morning brought no relief; and death closed the eyes of the most interesting babe. Oh! the afflicting moment! the farewell sigh! the last adieu! I loved thee truly; and could I bring thee back to this earthly dwelling, the silent grave should not long enshrine thee! Thy voice should again hush its pleasures, and delight thy admiring friends! Thy dwelling is now, alas! the abode of silence: nothing disturbs thy peace; no cheering sounds animate thy frame; all is hush! I pass by the stone that marks the spot where thou art inclosed, and my heart is full of sadness! Memory daily brings back thy animated frame—thy charming smile—thy interesting look! My mind grasps thy very image, and every delightful variety of thy charming form. But why should I thus sorrow over thy remains? Thou art happy; and gratitude fills my heart with delight for those that yet surround me. I will be thankful for the many blessings I still enjoy; though the chasm which thy absence has produced, must always be open. Time cannot wear away the painful impression of thy loss. The grave only can bury my poignant feelings in its deepest slumbers. Adieu!

JEALOUSY not only sours the temper, but obscures the understanding; and, like many other violent human efforts, generally produces the very evil it is on the watch to prevent.

THE HONEST WOMAN.

[From the French of M. Prevost D'Exmes.]

A MARRIED man, who had a lucrative place under government, kept a mistress. His wife, who was young and beautiful, with concern perceived him withdrawing himself from home, and treating his children with indifference; but having found out the cause, she resolved to have a private interview with her rival. "Madam," said she to her, amongst other remarks, "I am the wife of M^{rs}, your lover: seeing you possessed of so many attractions, I am almost inclined to forgive him his infidelity; but as it is impossible for me to live happy without him, I am come to obtain your succour against yourself. All my husband's fortune proceeds from his place, which he may soon be deprived of. He has no other property to leave his children, excepting a good education; and if the little he has amassed by a prudent economy, is spent from home, his children can hope for nothing from him; and they must, sooner or later, find themselves in indigent circumstances. With the beauty you possess, you may easily find a richer man than M^{rs}. Let me then owe to you the return of a husband I dearly love: an honest family will owe their happiness to you, and will be ever grateful for it." What answer, think you, did the Financier's Mistress make to his Wife? She addressed her in a jesting tone, and said, "Madam, you have charms enough to fix the heart of your husband; but since fate will have you and I to be rivals, it is not for me to constrain your husband's inclinations." The lady retired, grievously concerned for acting as she had done, and would not mention the circumstance to her husband, for fear of incurring his anger, and making the breach wider between them; but he was told of it by his mistress with an air of insult; and this indecent raillery failed not to open the eyes of the husband, and made him renounce from that day so imperious and insensible a mistress; attach himself to his wife, whose conduct he admired, as well as the first sentiments with which she had inspired him; and bestowed on his children those caresses which were their due.

REMARK. Some persons who have great estates left them, breakfast in plenty, dine in poverty, and sup in infamy.

From the Post Folio.

A VERSE FOR THE SLEIGH.

"How cold it is!"... Indeed, sir, cold?
"Yes, cold in every part!"
I can't agree; enough I see,
At least to warm the heart!

"Warm! I see nothing here to warm!"
Oh! how the story tells!
And can you see and still be cold,
A city full of Belles.

"That's a pun!"... and I have done;
Leave frowning.... why that wrinkle?
"The bells of metal, sir!"... Your right;
In our ears that tinkle.

O shut your senses if you will
To all but bells that jingle;
But bells of metal still there are,
In our breasts that tingle!

"Zounds! with such fools I never meet
"As punsters, in my days!"
"I mean the sleigh bells!" So do I;
The bells, sir, of the sleighs!

BA-BEL.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1806.

IMPORTANT EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 4.

Captain Pierce, of the ship Harriot, arrived last evening from Batavia politely furnished us, at a late hour, with the London Sun of the 2d December, put in his possession by the captain of the Barbadoes packet Widnour Castle, which he spoke on his passage, containing the following highly important statement of the signing of a separate treaty between the Emperors of France and Austria, under the walls of Vienna.

The lateness of the hour we received the paper, has obliged us to confine our extracts to the annexed articles until our next publication.—*American*

LONDON, Dec. 2.

We on Saturday laid before our readers the distressing intelligence received from Holland, of the signature of a treaty of

peace between the Emperor of Germany and the French. The following is the letter from the Dutch Admiral Kikbert:

"BARTUS, Nov. 25, 1805.

Rear Admiral Kikbert, has the honor to inform the commander of any of his majesty's ships which are on the coast of Holland, that the important intelligence of peace having been signed between his majesty the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Germany, under the walls of Vienna, has been received by an extraordinary courier; and that the conditions were so settled, that until the ratification of the treaty, Venice and the whole of the Tyrol should continue in the hands of the French. The Archduke Charles is dead with chagrin and fatigue. A more detailed account is every moment expected of the treaty, among which, it is said there is an article, stating, that the government of Austria is to pay to the Emperor of the French forty millions of livres.

"KIKBERT."

Insurrection at Trinidad.—A late Trinidad paper contains an official account of the attempt at insurrection, by the Blacks at that place, "from the minutes of His Majesty's Council." From this account, it appears, that the Negroes had formed an extensive and systematic combination to rise on Christmas day, and to massacre, without discrimination, all the white inhabitants and people of color. They had formed themselves into distinct regiments, had adopted different degrees of rank, and had appointed Kings, Generals en Chef, Generals en Second, Ambassadors, Colonels, Aid-de-camps, Majors, Prime Ministers, Treasurers, Grand Judges, Secretaries, Alguazils, &c.—Fortunately, the plot was discovered in sufficient season to prevent the horrid catastrophe. Three of the Kings and Generals en Chef, have been tried, convicted, and executed. They expired on the gallows, and their heads were severed from their bodies; the latter were afterwards hung in chains, and the former elevated on poles, to serve as a warning and a terror, to the other blacks of the island.—*C. Ad.*

The bridge over the river Delaware, near Trenton, is so far completed as to be passable by loaded carriages.—It was opened on Thursday last, when several hundred people crossed and re-crossed.

FIRE!—AGAIN.

On Tuesday morning, between two and three o'clock, was another alarm of Fire in this town. It proved to be in the Building occupied by Mr. Joshua Cushing, as a Printing Office, and Mr. Isaac Cushing, as a Bindery. It was in the most compact part of the town, and near some of our largest Houses. Happily the air was calm, and the fire extinguished without great injury to the neighbouring buildings. The contents of the Printing Office were entirely destroyed, which we are assured, were valuable.

Sal. Reg.

On Wednesday last, (the 3th inst.) a duel was fought in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, between Tarleton Bates, Esq. the prothonotary of Alleghany county, and a person by the name of Stewart, a store-keeper here, in which Mr. Bates was killed at the second fire. The ball of his antagonist entered the upper part of his breast, about an inch left of the centre, and lodged in his left shoulder passing near his heart. He immediately fell and almost immediately expired. Political animosity, and party disputes led to this fatal catastrophe.

U. S. Gaz

NEWSPAPER, Jan. 24

Melancholy—We understand that a son of Mr. Warren Scott, of the back part of this town, aged 14 years, was killed and torn to pieces by the wolves, a few days since, while foddering the cattle. We have not learnt any farther particulars, respecting that affair. We, however, are informed that the wolves have destroyed a large number of sheep within a few miles of this village.

Our city inspector reports the death of 40 persons (of whom 20 were men, 6 women, 9 boys, and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cold 1, consumption 8, convulsions 6, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 3, drops in the head 1, hives 2, inflammation of the lungs 4, locked jaw 1, misadventure 1, (a child of two years old, to whom an overdose of opium had been administered by a person unacquainted with its power) mortification in the head 1, old age 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, St. Anthony's fire 1, sudden death 1, teething 1, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worm fever.

* * In order to attract attention towards the alarming progress of deaths by Consumption in this city, the City Inspector proposes, in future, to distinguish the sex-

es and ages of the victims to this fatal disease.

During the month of January, 31 persons died of consumption, viz. 17 men and 14 women.

THEATRE.

Monday Evening—*Who wants a Guinea? With the Quaker, or, the Benevolent Friend.*

Wednesday. A second representation of the pleasing Comic-Opera, *The Duenna*, took place this evening.—The young gentleman who personated the character of *Don Carlos*, on the night of its first representation, appeared again on this occasion, but to little additional advantage. The fears incident to a novice, were again manifested. The extreme faintness of his voice, will, however, in our opinion, prove an insuperable barrier to his advancement to theatrical fame.

A degree of affectation, was observable in the manner of *Carlos*—if he has formed a determination to prosecute the business of the stage, he will do well to deal with this foible as with an enemy.

Mrs. Jones personated the lovely *Clara* in a manner highly deserving of public approbation. The appellation of the *American Jordan*, has been with much justice applied to this lady. We are fully of opinion that our stage has never boasted an actress of superior merit, in her walks of the Drama.

In the after-piece of the *Farm House*, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Villiers, sustained the lady's characters, and with peculiar satisfaction.

Mr. Young, would not be impressed with melancholy, even after the commission of his "deed of dreadful note."

Friday.—A new Comedy, by a young Gentleman of this city, called the *Wanderer*.

Our correspondent "A. S." is informed that his lines, at present, are too imperfect for public perusal. Emendation is strictly necessary before we can, with propriety, insert them.

MARRIED, On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Capt. John Kemph, to Miss Dunbar, only daughter of Capt. George Dunbar, of Hyde-park, Long-Island.

Longworth's American Lady and Gentleman's BELLES LETTERS REPOSITORY,

1835.

Is this day published at the Shakespeare Theatre, near the Theatre.

CONTENTS.

To the Shade of Burns	Coleridge
On the death of Chatterton	Hayley
On the death of a beautiful boy	ibid.
To the Son	ibid.
Reflections on death	ibid.
The Kiss	ibid.
Monody on J. P. Moreton	ibid.
Air Balloon navigation	ibid.
Venus and Mars	ibid.
To a young Ass	ibid.
The wolf king	ibid.
Farewell	ibid.
The Maid with bosom cold	ibid.
Woman	ibid.
The battle of Linden	ibid.
Pleasure and desire	ibid.
Anacreon	ibid.
The guardian Spirit	ibid.
Mary queen of Scots	ibid.
Mary's evening Reflections	ibid.
To a lily flowering by Moonlight	ibid.
Canzonet	ibid.
Sleeping Beauty	ibid.
Same continued	ibid.
Klopstock's grave	ibid.
The Blush	ibid.
From the Persian of Hafes	ibid.
Invitation to joy	ibid.
Bannockburn Robt. Bruce's } address to his soldiers,	ibid.
Heart-ease	ibid.
Father Dennis' comforta	ibid.
Canzon	ibid.
To a snow drop	ibid.
To the moon	ibid.
Serenade	ibid.
Portrait of a female	ibid.
John Doe and Richard Roe	ibid.
The oath	ibid.
Anacreontic	ibid.
Eliza	ibid.
Eastern bride	ibid.
Last minstrel	ibid.
Battle of Alexandria	ibid.
Youth	ibid.
The Miss Hodgkinson's address	ibid.
Address for same occasion	ibid.
To Mrs. Johnson	ibid.
A fragment—Chatterton	ibid.
Falls of Mount Ida	ibid.
On the death of Miss Bradhurst	ibid.
La cascade de Niagara (Italian)	ibid.
Same translated	ibid.
Female charity	ibid.
Night	ibid.
Roscoe imitated	ibid.
Aesmer imitated	ibid.
Ferreira imitated	ibid.
Description of a beauty	ibid.
Petrarch imitated	ibid.
Embellished with 24 (vignetted) ruled pages for extracts and cash account—an allowance is made to those who purchase half a dozen	ibid.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,

Will be presented the celebrated Comic-Opera of the

MOUNTAINEERS.

OCTAVIAN
AGNESSMr. Young.
Mrs. Jones.End of the play, a Del Caro hornpipe by
Miss Graham.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The After-piece of

MY GRANDMOTHER.

WOODLEY

Mr. Tyler

CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,

MINIATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes *LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET*, accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of *ten dollars*; and if not approved a *likeness* no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS of his work to be seen at his Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL T. BARROW'S, No. 6, Pine-street.

If

ENGLISH NUN.

Just Published and for sale by

S. Stansbury, and I Tiebout, Water-st.
B. Dornin, and Sage & Thompson,
Pearl-street, G. & R. Waite, Maiden Lane, D. Langworth, Park,
and — Scoles, Broadway,
price six shillings,

A new and Entertaining Novel, called

THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR

THE SORROWS OF EDWARD AND LOUISE.

Written by CATHARINE SELDEN.

Here in the shelter of this calm retreat,
Did sorrow find a safe and tranquil home;
Did meek eye'd Resignation take her seat;
And bow submission to her Maker's doom.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 13, Park, to No. 71, Nassau-street, where he practices *PHYSIC*, and the profession of *SURGEON DENTIST*.

He fits *ARTIFICIAL TEETH* upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of *CLEANING the TEETH* is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging *TOOTH-ACHE*, his *TINCTURE* has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting *CARIOUS TEETH* upon the most improved *CHIRURGICAL* principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau-street, where may be had his *ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER*, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of *TARTAR*, together with *PICAY* and *TOOTH-ACHE* prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden Lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try *Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops*, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CALDWELL,

"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. Mink's, No. 101, Water street. Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery Lane.



JOHN JONES,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,
NEW-YORK.

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23.

If



N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the *ROSE*, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good camphor, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 93 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

If



Communicated for the Weekly Visitor.

STREPHON AND SUSAN.

WITH pity view poor Susan's fate,
Her mournful lot bewail;
Let fall a tear of sympathy
While listening to her tale.

With innocence she once was blest,
Her bosom knew no care:
Till Strephon, bane of all her peace,
First found a shelter there.

Cold and bleak had been the night,
The snow around was spread,
When Susan's ear distinctly heard
A voice for pity plead.

From out the cot in haste she flies
To lend her willing aid;
With quicker footsteps towards the sound
Now flies along the glade.

'Twas there her Strephon first she saw
All weltring in his blood;
While trickling to her trembling feet,
Roll'd on the crimson flood.

"Ah me!" she cried, "what sight is this?
"O sight of pain and grief!
"I'll guide him towards my father's cot,
"And yield him kind relief."

The good old pair receiv'd their charge
With eyes brimful of tears:
To help fair Susan ran the dame,
Sinking beneath her fears.

While Allan, careful of his guest,
With skill bound up his wound:
Though deep the gash, yet not past cure,
With joy he quickly found.

Each heart felt pity for his sake
When first he told his tale;
A villain's hand had dealt the blow
Down in the lonely vale.

Beneath their roof he soon regain'd
New strength to till the field,
While gratitude a'erpower'd his heart
Its grateful thanks to yield.

But ah! the debt he soon forgot
He never could repay,
When lovely Susan sav'd his life
As drench'd in blood he lay.

Her beautiful form, and pleasing grace,
Began his breast to move:
With flattering arts, and winning smiles,
He strove to gain her love.

First prais'd her beauty, then her mind,
And then her modest worth;
While to some Deity he vow'd
She ow'd her heav'nly birth.

She blush'd, and oft in secret sigh'd,
Nor deign'd his suit to hear;
Knowing in man there dwelt deceit,
Uncheck'd by shame or fear.

Thrice happy fair! you might have been,
Had you this path pursu'd,
Or ne'er have listen'd to his tale,
But frown'd when'er he woo'd.

The false one quickly own'd his love,
And soon compassion gain'd:
But now far hants the traitor's gone,
His highest wish attain'd:

While she's forever doom'd to mourn;
For joy is with him fled.
Like to a flower, bent with rain,
She droops her lovely head.

Betray'd by him, the wretched maid
Soon falls a prey to grief.
Her friends all blame, nor pity yield,
Or strive to give relief.

A parent's anger drive's her hence;
None listen's to her tale;
And lovely Susan yields her breath,
Hid, in the winding vale.

Ah! hapless fair! sever's thy fate!
For thee the tear be shed,
While pity lends her willing hand
To deck thy moss-grown bed.

LORD MANSFIELD.

WHEN he was eminent at the bar,
Used frequently to spend from Saturday
evening to Monday morning at the late
Lord Foley's who, though a very good
sort of a man, was not remarkable for either

wit or talents. Somebody asking
Charles Townsend what could be Mur-
ray's motive for spending so much of
his time in such a manner: "Pho! Pho!"
says Townsend, "Murray is a very pru-
dent fellow; from the nature of his busi-
ness he's obliged to sag a great deal in
the course of the week, and he goes down
to Foley's to rest his understanding on a
Sunday."

THE ARISTIDES OF PORTUGAL.

"THE husband of Inez de Casto of
Portugal was called, when king, Pedro
the Just. The following anecdote will
shew what claim he had to this title. A
priest having killed a mason, the king dis-
sembled his knowledge of the crime, and
left the issue to the ecclesiastical court,
where the priest was punished by one
year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro,
upon this, privately ordered the mason's
son to revenge the death of his father.
The young man obeyed, was apprehend-
ed, and condemned to death. When his
sentence was to be confirmed by the king,
he inquired what was the young man's
trade? He was told he followed his fath-
er's. Well, then, said the Monarch, I
shall commute his punishment, and inter-
dict him from meddling with stone or mor-
tar for one year. This fully established
the authority of the kings' courts over the
clergy, who were punished with death,
when their crimes were capital. Vive La
Ciede, Mariana, Faria. Could Aristides
have done more? The artifice to effect
retaliation of crime is highly reprehensi-
ble; but when once the crime was com-
mitted, retaliation in judgment was wise
policy, and splendid justice.

A KNOTTY PUN.—A Facetious gentle-
man once observing a young lady very
earnestly at work, knotting fringe for a
petticoat, asked her what she was doing?
"Knotting, Sir," replied she. "Pray,
Sir, can you knot?" "I can not, Madam,"
answered he.

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NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE
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